

Young Chinese Red Tells of Escape and Contrast in Living

By Susanna McBee
Staff Reporter

Tung Chi-ping, the young junior diplomat who defected from Red China last spring, has been in Washington several months and, for the first time in his life, living alone.

Tung, whose friends in the Chinese community here call him Charlie, has a large apartment and says he enjoys the silence "that lets me hear myself think."

Just eight months ago Tung was living quite collectively. He was working in Peking at the African division of the Commission for Cultural Exchange.

"There were 10 people in the division," he recalled in an interview the other day. "No one knew what he was doing. It was utter confusion. There was only one map of Africa for all of us to share. We had no typewriter, no newspapers, no information.

"But there we were—all together."

"It was the same off the job. I lived in a room with two other workers. Of course, that was better than sharing a small dormitory room with seven others as I did when I was studying French from 1959 to 1963 at the Shanghai Institute of Foreign Languages. In that room we had only one desk and three stools.

"Now it is nice just to be alone."

Tung spoke of his life in China through an interpreter, Robert Loh, who escaped from the Communist regime in 1957. Loh is now an interpreter for the Army and has written a book about his experiences in China.

Tung, whose glasses make him appear more serious than he is, reviewed the story of his defection and added many details not before published.

He had worked in Peking only seven months when he was assigned the job of assistant cultural attache of the Chinese Communist Embassy in the new African nation of Burundi. He was to serve in the French-speaking kingdom as a translator.

He arrived in Bujumbura, the capital of Burundi, last May 25, and the next day—18 hours later—walked out of his embassy wearing only a shirt, trousers and bedroom slippers.

The 24-year-old diplomat went across the street, hailed the only taxi in town, and took a 5-minute ride to the American Embassy — and freedom.

Immediately after his defection the Red Chinese charged that the United States had kidnaped him.

"This is why I feel free to speak out now," Tung said. "Of course, I am concerned about my family. My father,

mother, three sisters and two brothers are still in China. But so long as the government there is claiming that I was kidnaped, it would not dare to take reprisals against my family."

Tung is vague about the period from May 26, when he arrived at the U.S. Embassy in Burundi—asking American officials here to pay for his taxi ride—and Aug. 4, when he landed in New York.

He says he stayed at the Embassy two months while U.S. and Burundi officials dickered over his safe conduct out of the country. "I realized I was causing embarrassment to America, and since no agreement could be reached, I just walked out of the U.S. Embassy," he said.

"I then met some Africans who helped me fly to Rome, where I contacted the American Embassy and arranged to come to New York."

Tung has frequently said that he first thought of defecting in 1957 when he was attending the Hon Kow High School.

But he adds now, "I never thought I would succeed. I applied to the Shanghai Institute to study French, not because I thought I could ever use it to escape but

because I thought it would help me learn more about the outside world."

Before leaving Peking, Tung took his \$400 clothing allowance and bought a new wardrobe and a suitcase. He tucked away five pounds sterling as an escape fund.

The clothes-buying spree was a way of making up for all the years that Tung's annual allotment was two feet of cloth.

But he still cannot get used to tea. As a student, he could not afford it, and drank hot water instead.

In fact, Chinese author Bette Lord, who is teaching English here, has given up trying to serve him tea. Mrs. Lord, the wife of an American State Department official, simply fills his cup with boiling water when he comes to her house for an English lesson.

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Tung, whose friends in the Chinese community here call him "Charlie," has a large apartment and says he enjoys Africa for all of us to share. "Now it is nice just to be alone."

Just eight months ago Tung was living quite collectively, together. He was working in Peking at the African division of the Commission for Cultural Exchange. "There were 10 people in the division," he recalled in an interview the other day. "No one knew what he was doing. It was utter confusion. There was only one man of seven others as I did when I was studying French from 1959 to 1963 at the Shanghai Institute of Foreign Languages. In that room we had only one desk and three stools. That lets me hear We had no typewriter, no newspapers, no information."

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*Peter Belling
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The Washington Post

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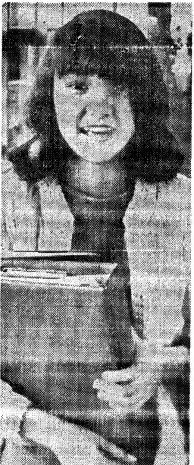
Center Set As Tribute To Slain 3

Herald Tribune News Service
NEW YORK — A 10-room community center of modern design will be built on a square block in the Negro section of Meridian, Miss., to honor Michael Schwerner, James Chaney and Andrew Goodman, the murdered civil rights workers.

Plans for the \$250,000 brick building were announced Tuesday by CORE. A CORE official said the site on the proposed center is now filled with shacks inhabited by Meridian Negroes.

Architect's plans for the building show a 10-foot-high brick wall around it built, according to a CORE press release, "to withstand possible bomb or gunfire attack."

The architect, Paul Willen, said the main purpose of the



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GENERAL NEWS

A 25

Phones Jingle for Santa But It's the Wrong Claus

By Bart Barnes

Staff Reporter

Clifford Claus of 1524 Elson st., Takoma Park, is a proofreader at the Government Printing Office. He has no beard and never has been facts are not listed opposite his name in the telephone up directory.

When Clifford Claus answers his telephone these days, the caller will probably ask for Santa.

"We've gotten used to it," said Mrs. Claus, "and we kind of enjoy it. My husband always goes along and pretends he really is Santa Claus."

the telephone book and mischievous teenagers are the

source of most of the calls. Their opening is simple and direct: "Is Santa there?"

To the very young, the question is logical enough, to the North Pole. These an-

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